

# Is That Your Chick (The Lost Verses)

## Memphis Bleek

R-O-C

Memph Bleek

Jigga man

Missy, Twista sho' nuff

Yeah, yo

Don't get mad at me

I don't love 'em I fuck 'em

I don't chase 'em I duck 'em

I replace 'em with another one

You had to see she keep calling me BIG

(And another one!)

And my name is Jay-Z

She was all on my dick

Gradually I'm taking over your bitch

Coming over your shit

Got my feet up on you sofas, man

I mean a hostess for my open hand

You coming home to dishes and empty soda cans

I got your bitch up in my Rover man

I never kiss her, I never hold her hand

In fact I diss her I'm a bolder man

I'm a pimp her, it's over man

When I twist her in the Gold sedan

Like I'm Goldie man, you're bitch chose man

Jigga man, ice burg with the frozen hands

Wedding bells don't make it rosie man

Oh is that your chick

Why she all in his six?

With her hand on his dick

Keep licking her lips

Is that your chick?

Why she all in his ride?

With her hand on his thigh

Keep looking in his eyes

Oh is that your chick?

You better tell her chill

While you all in his grill

Don't you know that man kill?  
Is that your chick?  
Why she beeping him?  
Keep praising him?  
Cause that's Bleek and them, trick

Yo check it now, yo, yo  
Your hoe chose I  
I ain't gonna lie  
What I look like turnin' down chocha  
Drove by, smokin' lye  
Recognize a pimp, open your eyes  
Hop in the passenger side of the ride  
Damn Bleek, can't speak  
Uh-huh, okay, what's up, SHUT UP  
And close the door  
Act like you been in the drop top  
On the open road before  
Fix your weave, then fix me  
Ever gave head doing 160?  
Ever seen a pair of kicks this crispy  
How you love how the white wife beater fit me  
M-dot, him hot, them not  
(That's gangsta)

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Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your chick?  
Why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thigh  
Keep looking in his eyes  
Oh is that your chick?  
You better tell her chill  
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Tha Jigga and Twista got 'em screaming  
Like a demon fiending for the semen  
Chrome gleaming like the dome off Keenan

Gone while I'm leanin' smoking  
I'm whip it in the stomach  
Your bitch on the passenger side of me flashing your money  
Why you acting so funny?  
You know she been flirting while your working  
Behind the curtain knuckles jerking for certain  
Poppin' that pussy  
Sweatin' till no fluid is left  
When I come in the party with J we gonna do it to death  
You gon' ruin your rep  
Trippin' while we pimpin' these hefers  
Playa lectures got me shining like a new Gator stepper  
Must have been mad  
When your ho put my stuff in the dash  
Bust in her ass  
To climax I come up with a nab  
The game don't stop  
Legit ballers bending up the block  
Niggas rushing, coming at us cause of status and props  
Sucking and fucking, loving it when I put tha dick up inside her  
Can't help it if she yellin' with a ridah

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Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your chick?  
Why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thigh  
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Oh is that your chick?  
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Yo, yo  
Why you home alone, why she out with me?  
Room 112, hotel balcony  
How she say Jay you can call the house for me?  
There's no respect at all  
You betta check her dawg

She keep beggin' me to hit it raw  
So she can have my kids and say it was yours  
How foul is she? And you wifed her  
Shit, I put the rubber on tighter  
Sent her home, when she entered home  
You hugged her up  
What the fuck is up?  
She got you whipped, got your kids  
Got your home, but that's not your bitch  
You share that girl, don't let 'em hear daddy Earl  
It'll make 'em sick that his favorite chick  
Ain't saving it, unfaithful bitch

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Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your chick?  
Why she all in his ride?  
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Yo how dumb the pimp?  
I heard he trick  
Bought a new five, maybe a six  
Copped that for his new down bitch  
And I was digging that down since '96 shit  
Memph man I'll take your bitch  
Let her do her thing, give brain in the whip  
And you know how it go when it come to the hoes  
She can do the same thing to the clique you know  
Your hoe chose, don't get mad at me  
Got your wife callin' me daddy  
Put her out on the street let her get that cheese  
My bad is that your freak  
But you know how a thug do  
When a nigga hit that, it's fuck you

Keep it snug, tre deuce in the boot  
Niggas want to act, get a motherfuckin' slug too

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Cool out homie  
You betta keep her away from my balling clique  
Keep her out of nightclubs all in the mix  
From hanging out with chicks who be swallowing dicks  
From catz who order Cris play the floor with the Knicks  
That can only lead to something unfortunate  
Hot boy like Jigga man scorch your bitch  
Play the floor dot Jigga man go first  
Then we all rock cause we all hot  
You know the boys from the Roc got them whores on lock  
Got them bitches in the smash  
Making yours drive fast  
Cause we get more cash than the average nigga  
All dem hoes like damn I gotta have this nigga  
Cause I'mma hot black, how in the hell can you stop that  
You would fuck mine  
How the hell can you knock that?  
I'm just playing the cards choosenly  
Jigga man who ya supposed to be?

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